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THE Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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GREETING!

We want to make this Pamphlet Mission go like a benediction among Liberal thinkers all through the West. To feel, when the work gets fairly under way, that our little messenger is the most welcome visitor, especially in the lonely homes and thinly scattered communities of free religious thinkers, that ever comes. We trust they will look for it then as one of their choice blessings, and find nobler uses in it than we can yet dream of. But this can only be done as those who are like-minded with ourselves take hold with us, and spread the news, far and wide, of its birth and promise; subscribe for as many copies as they can well afford to, and send them out where they know they will be a blessing.

It has been a cherished thought with some of us for a long time, that some such pamphlet might be printed, as the good seed of Sunday services where Liberal thinkers have none, and want to meet for worship, and a sermon. If the Pamphlet Mission should strike this fine use, the editors will be glad to print a short service in connection with it, which may be used for this purpose, and will be glad to hear, at any rate, of a *desire* for such services, far and wide, among the people, and do their best to meet it. But the first thing to be done is for tens of thousands, in this Western country especially, to take right hold and help us. Cheer us by their good word and their subscriptions, to do our very best to make the Pamphlet Mission thoroughly effective, and then, we have no doubt, that whatever good beside lies in its heart, will speedily appear.

We need not say that our whole desire is to promote God's truth. If there should ever be any money in the venture, it will go right back into the publication, to the last cent, so as to make it still more worthy and more useful. And we cannot doubt, that if all our friends will take hold with us, the Pamphlet Mission will grow, in time, to be one of the choicest agencies for the promotion of the truth we can possibly desire.

ROBERT COLLYER.

PROSPECTUS.

It is proposed to publish a fortnightly series of Liberal Religious pamphlets on the Unity, the Evolution, the Doctrines, the Bibles, and the Leaders of Religion; on the relations of religion to science, to devotion and conduct, and on kindred topics, written by men whose word combines liberal thought with religious feeling. The Central Committee and Editors-in-charge, without becoming responsible for the ideas contained in detail, hope that each number of the publication will make good the promise of its title; *i. e.*, that each will stand for real FREEDOM of mind, for real FELLOWSHIP between differing minds, and as most important of all, for CHARACTER as the *test* and *essence* of *religion.*

The pamphlets will be issued on the first and fifteenth of the month. Each one will usually contain an essay or sermon, with several pages of shorter articles, news-items about Liberal work, Liberal books, etc. We hope not only to meet the want of persons who are already connected with Liberal organizations throughout the West, but especially do we desire to reach the *isolated Liberals*—the fives and tens and twenties in small towns—men and women thirsty for such words as these pamphlets will carry. Besides their use in the home, they can do good service among the neighbors, and furnish regular material for Sunday meetings and discussions in places hardly to be reached by Liberal preachers. To all who welcome them we would say:

1. Turn missionary and local agent. Show your copies right and left. Form the clubs of "ten" and "twenty-five" subscribers mentioned below, wherever distribution will be easy; and, to lessen the feeling of expense, perhaps volunteer to act as treasurer, and make it a cash business between your friends and yourself, and thus secure, *for five cents once a fortnight*, a silent preacher in your neighborhood preaching Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

2. Send us all the addresses you can of persons likely to be interested in the publication, but whom you cannot conveniently reach yourself—addresses of persons either in your own town or in other towns and states; remembering that it is those "isolated Liberals" whom we most wish to find. Without your help they will remain unknown to us; with each subscriber's help, we can find out a great many.

3. Editors willing to trust us and such names as those upon the list below, we hope will aid our effort by recommending and quoting from the publication; and ministers, by forming clubs of subscribers in their parishes.

Please notice the subscription blank inclosed, and fill and return the same to Miss FRANCES L. ROBERTS, Business Agent, 65 Washington Street, Chicago, Ills.

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Twenty-five subscriptions mailed to one address, (postage paid) each, per year, - - - - - - - $1.25
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The following writers have consented to furnish papers for the first six months, in the order given:

1. Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, - - Chicago.
2. OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM, - New York.
3. H. W. THOMAS, D. D. - - Chicago.
4. Rev. M. J. SAVAGE, - - Boston.
5. Prof. DAVID SWING, - - Chicago.
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SPECIMEN NUMBERS SENT FREE!

This number of the PAMPHLET MISSION will be sent FREE in as large quantities as desired, to ministers who wish to distribute them among their congregations with a view to getting lists of subscribers, and to all other persons who wish to use them in the same way. We are aware that people like to see what they are subscribing for. Send for specimen copies, therefore, all you can make use of—one, ten, fifty, a hundred, or more. And then *follow up the matter energetically*, and *secure at once all the subscribers you can.*

NOT RETREAT, BUT VICTORY.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

"*Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour.*"—John xii, 27.

The desire to be saved from suffering is as natural as life; it comes to us in the cry of the infant and the moan of old age, and it is as natural as life, because in nature it means life, while pain is the shadow of death. It is as natural as life and so it lies at the root of some of the noblest things we ever do, and draws the line between a man and a brute. We see those about us suffer, and then because we are human we try to find a remedy and a safeguard, while not to care is to be, in the general estimation, no better than the beasts, and not so good as some beasts that do care, and those we count among the saviours of the world are those that have cared most and most wisely.

It is natural also that in proportion to our faith in God will be our instinct to fall back on Him at first, when these great sad shadows threaten us, very much as our children fall back on us, and our cry, "Father, save me from this hour," is close of kin to theirs. We think of Him as almighty, and our desire is to grasp this all-mightiness for salvation from pain; we recognize no law then but this law of exemption; it seems, of all things reasonable, that he should interfere for us on the ground of his great love, and the feeling that we cannot bear the sorrow makes our cry seem so mighty that heaven must hear and answer, still it is with all this so purely personal as to leave no room for the thought that God may have ordained the very thing we would flee from, for some reason more divine than can ever lie in what we pray for, so that if our cry could be

heard, and we were exempted from the lot, this would not bring us nearer to God or make us more godlike, but would rather prevent such a consummation. Exactly as sixteen years ago, when some of our men were made aware that they must bear the impending burden of pain and death for the nation, if they had cried, "Save me from this hour," and could have been heard and satisfied in their hearts that they need not leave their homes, but could satisfy at once their ease and their honor, the glory which makes them more than kings, as we think of what they have done for the country, would all be lost. We can see now, what all the world sees, that it was not through exemption, but by suffering, they won their great place, and we won, through them, this great salvation; not through shrinking, but bearing; not through retreat, but victory; and not through the cry "Save me from this hour," but by the grand conviction which was born of it, because they were whole men; nay, but for this cause I have come to this hour, with all the courage and endurance born of such conviction. And so we can see through such an instance, caught right out of our own life, how this shrinking back and begging to be saved, may be perfectly natural and yet by no means the best; how God may well refuse to hear us when we make such a plea, not only in the interests of his own divine purpose, but in the interests of our dignity and glory, now and forever.

It must be because Jesus was, in all ways, one with our humanity again, that he uttered this most human cry. It is the cry we all utter in our weakness if we cling to God as he did, and feel that we have in him a refuge from the distress we think we cannot bear. The shadow of the cross was falling on him, and he shrank from it with a most human shrinking, and clung to his life through this instinct of his nature because he was so entirely natural, and was not in any way so divine as to be lifted at once out of all fear, and by consequence out of all kinship with our weakness and dismay. He was tempted at all points as we are, and this was one temptation not to go

through the battle if God would hear him, but to fall back and be exempted, and so to prefer retreat to victory.

And we can see, in some dim way, why this should be the first overmastering instinct. He was of all men most healthy, and therefore most natural. There is no hint in the records of his life that he was ever for a moment under the dominion of sickness and pain, and pure health has no kinship with dissolution or with the terms of dissolution. We must be caught in the toils of death before we can look into his face and give him any kind of fellowship. No man can ever think of death quietly who is not already dying; it is then, and not until then, that death becomes, in its own way, as natural as life, and all our talk about not fearing and not caring while still the tides of life run deep and strong is mere make-believe.

Then he had a nature of the most exquisite mould; the broken music in most of us was in him a perfect harmony; he was one with the sunshine, the birds and the flowers, with children, and men and women who hold on, in any measure, to what is cheerful and natural and true to the world we live in. His sermon on the Mount is one long lesson on the way to be one with the pure and true laws of life. Only what was artificial and a sham, and made life hollow and unnatural, and called that religion, won his perpetual scorn and contempt. There never was a spirit on the earth more true to the sights and sounds of nature, the busy hum of labor, the turn for what is cheerful, and the light and life, right here and now, than Jesus Christ. There might have come a day when the light and life would have gone out of these things for him as it does for so many, and the fine passion of love for all, that God has made so lovely, sunk down into the mere use and wont of many years—when the sun would shine no longer with the old splendor, or the flowers give so good a smell; when the children would have had to mind, because their sweet racket would jar on him, and pleasant company must bear another meaning. But now he was in his first prime—only thirty-

three, as we make out—and so at that age, when the whole beauty and glory of the world is at its best, touched with its finest meaning and true to its deepest worth.

He must have had a nature also of the most exquisite nervous sensibility; in no other way can we account for the wonder of his thoughts and deeds. God never brings these marvels of genius, and especially religious genius, out of a nature which is not of this most perfect delicacy; he must therefore have shrunk from the impending agony, through the perfection of the organism to which his spirit was strung. We can never understand this cry, or feel the full power of it, until we realize that he was made in fashion as a man, and of all men most perfect in this sensibility to suffering.

You see what I mean then; here was life at its finest, suddenly confronted with pain and death, perfectly at home in the world yet on the brink of the grave. Delicate beyond expression, yet already within reach of the thorns and the nails. Weigh these things in our human scales and you cannot wonder at the cry which broke from his heart through the first intolerable recoil of his nature: "Father, save me from this hour." Had he been the God men tell of, there would be no room and no reason for such a cry, and no help in it, for our own poor bewildered hearts when we make this appeal to Heaven for exemption. We are all within the same circle—all of kin to this Christ, who, for a moment, thought not of victory but retreat; who prayed for an easier lot, and felt, for an instant, that God must hear him by the very tenor of their kinship as Father and Son.

But while this is all so natural that one wonders how it ever could have been lost out of the sum of christian teaching, we have to touch a deeper truth or we never find the true Christ, or the key to what is most divine in our own relations to life and to God. I have hinted through an illustration drawn from what we have all witnessed, and what some of you have done, how the day may come, and does come, when, for the sake of some great matter which holds in its heart what is of more

worth to the world than all exemption can be, we must put in pawn the life, which, by reason of its abundance, has no shadow of death as yet about it—our unworn love for this beautiful world with its peerless wealth of blessing; and though we are, of all the men and women God ever made, of an organization which shrinks back from suffering with an intolerable affright, must suffer to the last pang, or cease to be the men and women God is looking for to bring in his kingdom. That there is a divine ruthlessness, if I may say so, interlocked with the divine love; a demand on our nature which knows of no relenting; a time when God's best treasure must be paid for, at cost, or it cannot come to us or to our fellow men, who are to reap its large benefit; but must be held back if we are not ready, until those are found who count suffering worth more than exemption, who know how to suffer and die, but do not know how to retreat; and while the first instinctive cry is smiting the heart of God, "Father, save me from this hour," send up another, which makes all sure, "nay, but for this cause came I *unto* this hour; Father, glorify thy name."

So, as this question opens to my mind, this Christ of ours might have shrunk back and said, I cannot bear the cross, come to an understanding with those who were seeking his life, maintained his heart with all sorts of reasons why he ought not to suffer, and ought to live and not die, for his own sake and for the sake of humanity, persuaded himself at last that the Father had heard, and saved him from that hour, and died full of years and honors. There must have been such a possibility, or the purest worth of his great sacrifice would be lost. No thought of what he has done for us can be of any use which does not touch this turn of his own will: make him the helpless victim of the divine vengeance, and he stands outside our human life and cannot keep us at all when the trial comes home.

But allow this truth that he gave himself for us, and you touch the nerve of all sacrifice, and find the Saviour who can make us all saviours through the power of his endless life. Who

brings us round perpetually to the battle and the victory, and asks us which is greatest and best, to be happy in this even sense of a life, at one with the world we live in, or to be true at the cost of all this world can give, for the sake of the world to come on this planet, and in that eternal life where we are one with God, and all the good who have gone through death to glory and honor and immortality. He might have pleaded his abounding life, as the reason why he should live, his perfect love for this world, as the reason why he should stay in it to the last moment; his exquisite sensibility to joy, and therefore to woe, as the reason why joy, and not woe, should be his portion, and the mingling of his cup. And then we should have had no Christ. His wonderful words and deeds would have then been worth exactly what they cost him, and no more. The judgment would have come to him which comes to us all. The question of how much would have been answered soon or late, and when that answer came, there would have been no Christ. Only a seer of a wonderful insight; only a teacher of a marvelous wisdom; only a human life of a peerless perfection—but no Christ. It is the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion and the death, that smites home to the heart of humanity and brings all men unto *him*. He would have gone with his whole divine wisdom into the far-reaching ranks of men who have insured the destruction of nation after nation; through that determination we can trace through all the ages, to have a good time at any rate, whether the world they live in sinks or swims. The dry rot which slew Greece, and is slaying France, and may slay the United States of America, would have found that much more reason for its existence, and instead of the great hope which sprang from his grave, there would have been another despair. He could have elected to be saved from this pain and death, and then all the untold millions that have clung to him, and found refuge and strength in what he is, and what he has done, would have had to stand alone, so far as he was concerned, except for the divine word he has said, and lost the strength they find through him to suffer, and be

strong suffering, would have been shorn of its choicest sacredness, and not stern duty, but the way to get round it; not the fire for the truth's sake, but the June sunshine for my own sake; and not victory, but compromise, would have been his gift to the world.

And so I come to the truths which abide for us in this most divine deed in the life of Jesus, and this is to me the first lesson. That this election, through his own will to suffer and die for the sake of humanity, and so, for God's sake, is the seal to us of Christ's divinity, and of our duty. I have often heard the claim made that, to Unitarians, Jesus stands first among the prophets; that he is a divine teacher, who came to reveal to man the very heart of God, and to make us as one with God, by faith in His love. Now this is all very well, but it may mean anything or nothing, when we leave out this grand test of all teaching, his faithfulness unto death. There is a deft and subtile devil in the human heart, always ready to suggest that God's law is the synonym of what we call a good time, so we can make our life as pleasant as a parlor concert, by backing out, whenever we can, from sorrow and pain at the price of love and duty, and imagine this is all, in the line of a true religion, as well as a true life, until we become the merest sybarites.

There has been a great deal of such teaching in the churches, directly or by inference, until New England and the West is strewn with the dry bones of dead congregations, and well it may be, for such teaching is not true. God's love may come to His best beloved sons to-day, as it came on that day long ago—stern and ruthless, as the imaginations of the old Greek tragedies. It may challenge us to bear such pain as was never laid on mortal men, to grope through a darkness deep as despair, to bear burdens so intolerable that it seems, when we have to bear them, there is no God, or such things could not happen; to cry out to Heaven to save us, while all the time Heaven is silent as the grave, and the answer waits in our own heart, and turns on our own manhood, before God can speak.

And it is here we come to the Christ of our faith and love; we accept the divine teacher, but he is to us the Christ, because, with all this fear of the impending doom, which was so natural and beautiful in such a nature, he still went on to the doom; a sacrifice, the sorest which can be demanded, must be made for humanity; it was laid on him to make that sacrifice, or vacate his claim to be the way, the truth, and the life; he made it, and this is our faith, that to follow Christ is to be Christ-like; in this grand passion; to believe still in the love of God when it comes to us through the most awful trials which can ever smite us; to stand true through these trials as he did, not counting the cost; not to fall back, but to march on, and inscribe on our banners, not retreat, but victory.

And this is the second truth. That there is such a thing as vicarious suffering and sacrifice; not in the sense in which this doctrine is laid down all about us, that the wrath of God may be turned away from us and His mercy bought, but in this most sacred sense of a life for a life. A gift of myself for the salvation of my fellows; a suffering unto death, if that is to be the only way open, that a better life may come to those for whom I suffer. The mighty self-abnegation which can gather all the lances into one breast that a way may be opened to a worthier life; the gift of my most precious blood that purer and nobler tides may run forever through the human hearts that can feel the worth of what I have done.

For it would be of all things strange if we did not believe in this vicarious sacrifice, when the whole world is full of it, and all things noblest are purchased through its power. I venture to say that there is no one thing in this world to-day, of the finest worth to men, for which a man has not had to give his most precious blood—either drop by drop through long pain, or by a swifter martyrdom. It is hidden in the very rubbers you wear to get here on wet Sundays through the rain. You can hear it, if you will, in the scream of the locomotive, and in the pulsing of the steam engine; in your presence, within these four walls. In my liberty to announce this doctrine. In this open bible.

In the fact that there is a bible, and in the types with which it is printed. It is in the nobler thought of God and God's truth, that is winning its way into human souls far ahead of all the liberal christian pulpits. The fires of an eternal hell had to be put out in terror-stricken human souls by the blood of slain men, and through their slaying, the black dream of a devil, that goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, had to be slain, so that he should no more shake from their centres the souls of men and women and little children. Yes, and the very Christ himself, who died for us, had died in vain had not men died perpetually to make clean spaces, in which his divine life and truth might catch the sun, and blossom and ripen into eternal life. No vicarious suffering and sacrifice! Why, there is nothing else, when you reach the last fastness, of worth to the world and the race. It is the most precious truth heaven has to reveal, and if we did but know its last secret, we should find this wonder in it—all of a noble nature—challenged and questioned as to whether it is ready to pay this price, or to back down and let another come to the front. The recoil of nature upon herself, and the cry, "Father, save me from this hour," and then in every man and woman, who stands to-day in this noble army of God, the quiet conviction: nay, but for this cause I came unto this hour, with all the peril and pain that conviction brings; not exemption but victory, and the blessing bought by their most precious blood.

If, then, this is true in this great way, this is my own lesson. That not exemption, but victory, is what God whispers to me through His son and my Christ. For believe me, this scripture is not of any private interpretation. I have also the times, when I must master my own nature, be deaf to my own pleading, face trouble and pain, and fight my way through it, shrink back upon myself and cry, "Father, save me from this hour," find that the heavens give no answer; be appalled at the thought that the worth is to be taken out of what I am; out of the world which has been so pleasant; out of all things to which I have grown as to my very life; that

the love of God takes the form of a vast and awful tragedy of which I cannot as yet even guess the meaning; a fate from which there is no escape except through giving up all that is most worthy; through ceasing to be a man, and beginning to be as the things that cannot look before and after; to count my graves and say, what is life now? to watch my sufferers and say, I would die for you but am not able, yet it is worse than death to be so powerless. To pour out my life and see no return but ingratitude. To write, or paint, or invent, or preach, as if my poem, or picture, or sermon, was my very heart on the paper or the canvas, or in the contrivance. To be but half a man when I might have been a whole man; except that sixteen years ago my country demanded the other half, and I gave it as gladly as the sun gives light; yet to suspect that nobody remembers or wants to remember, but considers my broken life something of a nuisance. Yes, yes, yes! it is the truth about us all sometime. There is no release in this war except through disgracing the flag. No exemption that is not worse for me and mine, and the world I live in and the world I live for, than the cross and passion. I must say, also, but for this cause came I unto this hour, set my face to the front and fight on, and then I reach the last secret of my soul's life. For as our Christ has overcome and has sat down with the Father in His throne, so shall we overcome if we meet the demand and sit down with Him on His throne; He has not bought us off, he has bought *us in*. We find out through his passion the meaning of our own; through his faith, what faith can do; through his God-likeness, how we may become God-like. It pleased Him in whom all fulness dwells, to make the captain of our salvation perfect through suffering, and as the captain was made perfect, so may the poorest private. Those who can understand and carry out this great demand of God, are those who may become saviours in their own degree. I said the scripture is of no private interpretation; no more is the opportunity. We know no more than he knew that day, what will come of it. We may feel as if all the staunch and steady

foundations were giving way. He who dips in the dish with us may betray us. He who has lain on our breast may desert us. He who said "I will die for thee," may deny us. The heavens may become dark as midnight. The angels may all seem to be dead; God may seem to have forsaken us. One strong citadel abides; the tower of our strength is in the heart that will not flinch from the truth, though then and there there seems to be no God to maintain it, and to bring order out of the chaos, and a throne for the cross. Hold on that day as you never do before or after; say this is all illusion; the reality abides. I have sown wheat; I shall not reap thorns. I have given myself the best I know; the bank cannot break to which I have entrusted my treasure; I am one with Christ, and with God, and this universe would rush back into swift ruin, and undo in an instant all the doing of the innumerable aeons, if the deep confidence he has planted in my nature found aught but the perfect day after my night of pain. I am one with the promise if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him. These are but the clouds; the sun stays in the heavens, and the heavens in the sun. Myriads of men and women have come to this pass and fought through it; so shall I. The flesh shrank back; the spirit led up the reserves. The first instinct was for exemption; the last for victory. The first man was of the earth, earthy; the second man was the Lord from heaven. They have won, with the Christ, the whole wealth for which we care, under God, on earth and in heaven. We do not cleave to the angels but to the saints and the heroes, and what they are we may be—each in his own way and through his own life—when we find and follow this great verity, that not exemption but endurance, and not retreat, but victory, is the watchword for true souls.

Blessed Jesus, give us common sense, and let no man put blinkers on us, that we can see only in a certain direction; for we want to look all around the horizon—yea, to the highest heavens, and to the lowest depths of the ocean.—*Father Taylor.*

Current Thought.

[It is designed under the above heading to devote two or three pages of each pamphlet (immediately following the Sermon,) to brief utterances from our best thinkers, on the most living religious topics of the hour. In this initial number, however, our whole space will be given to a single article; our reason being the interest and importance of the article as setting forth the ideas and purposes which have given this PAMPHLET MISSION its birth.—J. T. S.]

THE LIBERAL'S MISSION.

People are wont to think that the Liberal stands for nothing and has no mission in religion. Let that be the judgment only of persons who think that religion's substance lies in creeds. Let it not be our judgment or our admission. As Liberals we have a work to do and a part to play in the religious world as real as that of any church, however old, however large—a *positive* work, and an *affirmative* part. The Liberal usually doubts the popular theology; but that is the mere beginning of his work; and the man who *ends* with that, whose delight is in the mere negation, shows how close his kinship is to the very dogmatist that he opposes.

The Liberal is the representative and champion of something greater than any belief whatever. His part is to stand for three grand *principles—Freedom, Fellowship and Character*—and to represent them as *the essentials of religion*. To do this affirmatively, boldly, with reiteration, with urgency, in the chance conversation and the set discussion, at the call or at the party, on 'change, in the newspaper, at the ballot-box; by word, by deed, by money-giving, by all that various self-expression which we call one's life—to stand for *these three principles, in this way*, is the LIBERAL'S MISSION. Is it a slight one? Is it a negative one? Is it an easy one? Is it one without its responsibilities and duties and sacrifices, and its great abounding joys?

FREEDOM.—The principle of Freedom in Religion implies reverence for the present rather than the past, as the source of inspiration. Not that it ignores Tradition. The Liberal knows right well that he is the child of the past; that any light he has to-day has been dawning for him down the centuries. When he is wise he takes no step forward without first going humbly and gratefully to the feet of Tradition, and sitting there while she tells him how men before him have searched and what they found. But when he has done that, he boldly rises and goes forward by himself on his own feet, to seek what he can find, claiming that, on the whole, his faculty, enriched

by all that tale of the past, should win a clearer vision than any yet. The Church-man says to him: "Nay, fool: art thou wiser than all this great concensus of the Fathers?" The Bible-man says to him: "Nay, fool: art thou wiser than the Word of God?" And he answers yea to both: "Yea, the child is wiser than the fathers by being son: yea, the Word of God is fresh in me, and speaks to me out of a vaster horizon of truth than to those who chronicled that word as it came to them two thousand or three thousand years ago."

That this freedom may go too far is manifest. Perhaps there is no earnest Liberal who does not sometimes lose some old truth while winning his new truth. Moreover, tradition has, in its way, great value; authority in religion does contain good; conservatism is half of safety. But these all tend to excess, and hence to dangerous evil. And the great churches and the powerful religious organizations of the country are all enlisted on the side of tradition, and are mighty missionaries for authority and conservatism; and hence the need arises of a missionary of the opposite principal—some one to stand up eagerly for freedom of inquiry in religion: some one who thinks doubt as sacred and honorable in things not known as belief is sacred and honorable in things known: some one who will go up and down among the steadfast believers in tradition, and give them surprises of unbelief, and shock them into self-questionings, and win them into sacred places of their own thought that they scarcely dare to tread—so little do they trust the *living* God that moves over the deeps of their own minds; in a word, some one whose insight is deep enough to perceive that fearlessness is the truest faith, and truthfulness the highest trust.

FELLOWSHIP.—Fellowship is opposed to sectarianism and exclusiveness in religion. Speaking generally, the churches stand for sectarianism, and are powerful and perpetual missionaries for it, as they are missionaries for tradition. But sectarianism ends in bigotry; in exclusiveness from common sympathy; in great injustice on the part of those who verily think their verdict echoes the sentence uttered on the great White Throne. And so there comes again the need for some one (and the Liberal should accept the mission,) to emphasize against sectarianism the principle of Freedom in Religion; some one to stand for the *essence* above the *forms* of faith; some one to proclaim that the unities are vastly greater than the differences in religion; some one to declare that *isms* and *ologies* are one thing, and religion is a very diffent thing—higher, deeper, mightier, more sacred; some one to say to sectarians: "Your sects are natural enough, and well enough; work and be happy in them; work and do good in them; but work *as friends with other bands* of laborers in the great world-field, which is so much greater than all the bands together can bring to harvest-beauty."

CHARACTER.—Character in religion is opposed to the "*Belief*" on which the churches, as a rule, spend so very large a portion of their emphasis. Doubtless, belief has some effect on life, and hence is not to be lightly thought of. But into what travesty of religion is the idea often turned, that belief is the all-important thing—the thing on which human hopes and destinies for the here and the hereafter are suspended! What strange inversions of all real values are often perpetrated by its advocates? What immoralities of doctrine sound forth from them? What cheap hypocrisies are systematically subsidized by them? And so once more arises the need of some one who, as earnestly as they, shall stand up and cry aloud: "*Not belief, but character,* is the real test of religion."

There is need of a champion for "mere morality," when in a sense as true there are so many champions of "*mere* belief" in the field. In a world full of half-truths and misplaced emphases, some one must stand up for the other halves of truth, and put the emphases back on the great syllables which mean the most and are the real roots of the things talked about.

RELIGION.—Nor is the Liberal's mission described until he has brought out into distinctness the word "Religion." His motto is not simply "Freedom of Inquiry," but freedom as leading to nobler, ever-nobler, visions of the One who lives and works in all; not simply "Fellowship," as pleasant charities and courtesies, but as sympathy with one's neighbor in his religiousness, albeit the thoughts of his religiousness are widely different from one's own; not simply "Character" as expressed in duty done and high ideals followed, but such character as allying oneself to some Central Conscience of the Universe. He loves that word Religion, as another loves the word Savior, or Mother Church. It is to him the highest word he knows—the word into whose syllables all noblest meanings crowd; the word that represents the goal of aspiration, the consummation of manliness, the prophecy of the human being as he is to be. There are good men who do not like the word, to whom it comes so tainted by the hypocrisy and superstition and injustice of centuries, that they would fain be rid of it forever. Not so the Liberal who accepts his mission. He glories, humbly glories, in the title, too great for him to seriously claim; yet lower than that title will he not wear. It names him as he would be, if it does not name him as he is—the *religious man.* He knows its taint in history; he knows too its sanctity and beauty there; and for himself, in the day he calls his own, he means to do what may be in him to rescue it from all its lower associations, and make it stand to men as the most humbling and yet the most exalting title that a man can claim.—W. C. G.

Notes and News.

Wilson Flagg has written the following beautiful tribute to Whittier:

> The Pharisees, as ancient authors write,
> Would compass earth to make one proselyte;
> Our Quaker bard, with no sectarian ends,
> Has turned his whole wide country into Friends!

Rev. Mr. Heywood of Louisville is in better health, and his society is prosperous.

It is a standing question in Chicago: "Will the Methodists try Dr. Thomas for heresy?"

"How to find the Stars" is the title of a little book by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, about to be published in Boston.

Rev. C. W. Wendte, of Cincinnati, has been away at Washington assisting in the dedication exercises of the new Unitarian Church.

Thomas Vickers, Librarian of the Public Library of Cincinnati, has been recently elected Chancellor of the Cincinnati University.

The next number of the Pamphlet Mission will contain a sermon from Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, on "The Rising Faith."

Mr. George Partridge, Pres't of the Provident Ass'n, (St. Louis) and widely known for benevolent deeds, is now absent in California.

Unity Church, the Church of the Messiah and the Fourth Church (Chicago) are going forward quietly, with good congregations, and general prosperity.

Notices of two or three important Liberal books, just published, as well as many news items, are crowded out of our present issue; they will appear in the next.

Canon Farrar's sermons preached in Westminster Abbey have been collected, and will be published by Macmillan & Co. under the title of "Eternal Hope."

Mrs. Mattie E. Ware, in times past one of the most successful teachers in St. Louis, has been elected superintendent of the Sunday School of the Church of the Messiah of that city.

The first edition of Rev. J. T. Sunderland's book "The Bible: What Is It?" is exhausted. A second edition, enlarged, will soon be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Hon. ANTHONY ITTNER, M. C. (St. Louis), represented the Church of the Unity at the dedication of the new Church in Washington. He says Dr. BELLOWS' sermon "was one of the best I ever listened to."

We have Dr. THOMAS' authority for saying that Elder JUTKINS, since he went to Aurora as the successor of THOMAS, is becoming even more liberal than his suspected predecessor. What can the matter be?

Rev. W. J. PARROT, of Jackson, Mich., has been for some weeks preaching in Boston, and vicinity. There is some danger that the East will rob us of one of our best thinkers and most able preachers.

Judge HOLMES, now usually associated with his studies of Shakespere, and one of the Vice Presidents of the Free Religious Association, (St. Louis) has been lecturing on Science this winter, which is one of his favorite fields of inquiry.

Rev. F. E. KITTREDGE is doing an excellent work at Muskegon, Mich., and is much liked there. He has been lecturing in different parts of the State, and has several good lectures that he will be glad to give wherever there is a demand.

Rev. Mr. MCCULLOUGH, who for several years united the Unitarians and Congregationalists in Sheboygan, Wis., is now pastor of the First Congregationalist Church of Indianapolis, and rivals Mr. REED in progressive thought and Liberal utterances.

The Church of the Messiah (St. Louis) is talking about a new edifice. A pretty sharp look has been cast toward some of the Chicago churches as hints towards a model. It has been decided not to steal anybody's plan. They can do better—get up one of their own.

CHARLES V. RILEY, late State Entomologist of Missouri, who received a gold medal from the French Government for discoveries concerning insects injurious to the grape vine, is likely to add still further to his reputation, as member of the U. S. entomological commission.

"How does America look through an Englishman's Spectacles?" This is the question which Rev. BROOKE HERFORD is answering on the lecture platform this winter. Shall we ascribe the interest and delight which his audiences all seem to find in his answer, to America, to the Englishman, or to the Spectacles?

Dr. D. V. DEAN, formerly in Ann Arbor, and for several years city chemist of St. Louis, saved that city $30,000 last year as Surgeon-in-charge of the City Hospital. He has proved himself a man of rare administrative ability, and has done some perfectly herculean work in purging a municipal charity of criminals and dead-beats.

Rev. GEO. W. COOKE, of Grand Haven, Mich., recently lectured in the Universalist Church in Lapeer, on "Courtship," and the next evening in the court house on "Evolution," to a crowded house. He has a series of three lectures on the "Evolution of Religion," which he would be pleased to give. He gave this course at Corinth, Mich., Feb. 12–14.

Prof. SWING's Central Church goes forward as successfully as ever. The rental of sittings for the coming year shows unabated interest on the part of its large number of supporters. The financial condition of the society is so good that it was found practicable at the late anual meeting to lower the price of many of the sittings. The church treasury has a surplus of several thousand dollars.

The Western Unitarian Conference holds its next session with the Church of the Messiah, (Chicago) June 4–6. Rev. JOHN SNYDER of St. Louis, preaches the opening sermon. The Board of Managers of the Conference and the Church of the Messiah are making an effort to get Mr. MARTINEAU to come over the water and be in attendance at the Conference. If they succeed we shall witness such a gathering at the Conference as has never been.

Rev. MYRON W. REED, who drew so large audiences in Milwaukee for two or three years, now pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, is delighting Liberal souls in that city with his breezy utterances in the interest of Freedom and Fellowship; now holding parlor conversations on ROBERT BURNS; now discussing the bliss of ignorance, and again pleading for tenderness even towards tramps;—always fresh and progressive.

Prof. C. M. WOODWARD, of St. Louis, has just perfected a system of electric clocks for that city. Besides this and his duties in Washington University, he finds time to serve on the School Board, superintends one of our Sunday Schools, and has in preparation a history of the St.Louis Bridge, which it is believed will prove a complete hand-book of engineering on the subject of Bridge Building. It will appear, chapter by chapter, in *The Engineer*, published in London.

Dr. BARTOL says of Dr. HEDGES' new book, "*Ways of the Spirit, and other Essays*": "No publication in theology which reflects more credit on American literature, has ever fallen under our eye; and we remember none of equally impartial spirit; none so raised above sectarian bias and din. All the denominations may find in it a summons of disinterested scholarship as to a judicial bench; nor ever in any work have a radical intellect and a conservative heart been more happily combined."

Rev. C. D. B. MILLS of Syracuse, N. Y., is spending a few weeks lecturing and giving conversations in the west. In this city he spoke twice at the Fourth Unitarian Church—preaching Sunday morning on "The Religion of To-morrow and the Day after To-morrow," and giving a conversation-lecture on Emerson, Wednesday evening. He also lectured before the Philosophical Society, and gave three or four other conversations. He went from here to Janesville, Wis., where he spoke on "The Wisdom of the Orient as Illustrated in its Proverbs and Maxims," giving excellent satisfaction.

Rev. J. R. EFFINGER is prosecuting his work vigorously in Iowa. A band of Liberals in Algona have asked him to come to their place and help them start a church; he is going in March. His DesMoines society demands him two Sundays a month instead of one; his Marshalltown society wants to follow suit. He goes to Atlantic once a month. For the present he is letting the Ottumwa people get along by

themselves, because he cannot serve them. He wants another good, live, earnest man to help him. The field is white for the harvest—or rather, plowed and mellow for the seeding.

The Universalists of Chicago have been doing some excellent work during the recent debate on "Hell." Never have they spoken braver, stronger words, through pulpit, weekly press, and daily press; and never have they been heard by the great public so attentively. It is not too much to say that Dr. RYDER by tongue, and Rev. J. W. HANSON by pen, have shown themselves more than a match for any upholders of the old dogma. Mr. HANSON has asked the leading orthodox denominational papers of the city to enter into an extended discussion of the subject with him; but they have declined.

The Unitarian and Universalist Societies at Englewood, (near Chicago) which have been maintaining separate organizations for a year past, have just united, dropped both the old names, and taken the name "The Christian Union Society." The platform of the new Society is as broad as can be desired; indeed it is nothing less than the platform of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion. Rev. AUGUSTA J. CHAPIN and Rev. Mr. SUNDERLAND, who have been preaching for the old societies, will continue to preach for the new society, on alternate Sundays. The united society goes into a new hall, and its prospects seem in every way encouraging.

The new Unitarian Church in Washington, D. C., which has so long been looked forward to, is at last completed and dedicated. It is a fine edifice, not equal in size to several others in the city, but probably quite equal to any in attractiveness and convenience; and what is best of all, it is entirely free from debt. In the belfry hangs the bell taken from the old church, made by PAUL REVERE of Boston in 1822,—the first church bell ever used in Washington. It is quite remarkable that the Washington Unitarian Society enrolls among its founders the names of those two eminent representatives of the North and the South, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS and JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Among the most interesting new Liberal movements that we know of, is one begun at St. Charles, Ills., about a year ago, by Rev. R. L. HERBERT of Geneva. Mr. HERBERT goes to St. Charles (three miles) every other Sunday afternoon, and preaches to a society that has taken the name, we believe, of the Free Church. They have fitted up for themselves a pleasant and accessible hall, and are full of life and hope. By the way, our Liberal Societies in the West do not know what they are losing in not getting Mr. HERBERT to give them his lecture on "The Good Time Coming." We dare not tell how quaint, bright, sensible, all in one, it is, for fear we shall not be believed.

Dr. THOMAS (Chicago) is mightily shaking the dry bones of religious dogmatism on the West Side. The Centennary Church is not able to hold the congregations that flock to hear him. This is the way he talks about sectarianism and creeds: "*Our pet creed!* Poor thing, what a pity it should die! Save your creed whether you save sinners or not. Insist on a thousand definitions about God, and Jesus Christ and the Trinity, and the bible and future punishment; save these

definitions; save your creed—bring it in out of the cold wind like a shivering lamb in March, and wrap it up tenderly in a warm blanket, pour down a little warm milk—save these things if you drive the whole sensible world to infidelity in doing it."

"THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL. A manual, translated from the Dutch of J. KNAPPERT, pastor at Leiden; by RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG, B. A.," and published by WILLIAMS & NOYATE, London, is a small work of two hundred pages, intended as a Sunday school text book for the Old Testament history and books. The translator is an English Unitarian minister, and the book is now re-issued in this country by ROBERTS BROS. For those who accept the conclusions of KUENEN and OORT, this will be found the very best work to be had for Sunday School use. It just fits into a place many have been anxious to have filled. Simple, clear, sensible, it admirably sums up the history and the growth of the Hebrew faith. Besides the two hundred pages of text, are thirty pages of "Catechism" or questions on the subject matter. The American edition of ROBERTS BROS. sells for $1.00. This price, its compactness, convenient arrangement, and great superiority over any other work, ought to put it into many Sunday Schools. It will be found especially valuable for use in connection with the Lesson Series of Mr. GANNETT.—G.W. C.

Five Volumes of the "Bible for Young People" may now be had in this country. The whole work is soon to be published by ROBERTS BROS., in three volumes, at $2.00 per volume. It ought to go into every home and into every Sunday School library, and be constantly studied as the very best book on the bible to be obtained. Such a treatment of the bible as is here given, abreast as it is of the latest and best scholarship, is the only means by which that book can longer be saved to the love and veneration of thinking people.—

Prof. CHARRAUD, of Paris, says of the "Bible for Young People," in a letter to the *Unitarian Review*: "It is a very remarkable book; if I had time and the space necessary, I would give an account of the labors of Drs. OORT, HOOYKAAS and KUENEN (the authors), three learned men in Holland, of first-class ability. I hesitate not to say that this work ought to be translated into all languages, and to be found in every christian home. In teaching the laity to understand the bible, it aids powerfully in making them love it; it demolishes a great number of preconceived notions, and builds up a multitude of truths; it explains legends (which it does not hesitate to call legends) and establishes facts; it instructs and it edifies."

ASA K. BUTTS, of New York, is soon to publish a series of six essays on "The Evolution of Religion," by Rev. GEO. W. COOKE, of Grand Haven, Mich. The object of the essays is to summarize, in a popular form, the best scientific and critical results of modern study. They bear on the origin and development of religion and morality. The first essay will appear sometime in February—the others once a month; they will be furnished for ten cents each, or the six for fifty cents. Address Mr. COOKE as above.

The following are the subjects of the essays:

1. The origin and development of Religious Beliefs.

2. The Evolution of the Hebrew Faith.
3. The Evolution of Christianity.
4. The Sympathy of Religions.
5. The Genesis and Development of Morality.
6. The Scientific Basis of Religion, and its Fundamental Ideas.

The first essay will summarize the work of TYLOR, LUBBOCK and SPENCER. The second essay will apply the same theory to Judaism, and epitomize the conclusions of the Dutch school, as shown in the works of KUENEN, TIELE, OORT and KNAPPERT.

Rev. J. Ll. JONES of Janesville has just returned from a flying trip to Indianapolis, Louisville and Cincinnati. He reports having found Rev. Mr. CHAINEY, pastor of Unity Church, doing good, patient work in Evansville, and sowing some missionary seed also at Boonville. Mr. CHAINEY has been publishing a little Liberal paper called "The Church of the Unity," which will now be united with the PAMPHLET MISSION. Here is a communication from Mr. CHANEY to his subscribers, which we are requested to publish:

"*To the Subscribers of* THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY. As the end for which *the Church of the Unity* was published will be reached more effectually by the *Pamphlet Mission*, I have decided to discontinue the former, and furnish each subscriber as many numbers of the latter as would have been due him of my paper. As the *Pamphlet Mission* is published semi-monthly, your subscriptions will expire in four months; but by paying seventy-five cents additional, you will be supplied with the new publication for one year. Thanking you for your patronage, and commending to you the *Pamphlet Mission*, I am,

Yours Truly,

Evansville, Ind., Feb. 1st, 1878. GEORGE CHAINEY.

At Indianapolis Mr. JONES lectured before Unity Club, on "The Cost of an Idea."

The Third Unitarian Church (Chicago) is begining to see clear sky again. Mr FORBUSH has been for some months preaching for them Sunday mornings, and in various ways putting a shoulder to the wheel to help them out of their trouble. The A. U. A. of Boston has loaned them $5,000 for five years without interest. With this help they have been able to reduce their interest-bearing debt from $24,000 to $7,000. Mr. FORBUSH's congregations have greatly increased within the past three months. The Sunday School is full of life. The only thing necessary to continued and substantial prosperity is hearty co-operation on the part of all the old members of the society. The church has become somewhat disintegrated, and some are waiting to see whether the new movement is going to be a success before they take hold again, instead of all taking hold together and thus making it the grand success that they easily might make it. But things are improving. Three months ago Mr. FORBUSH's face looked dark when one talked with him about Third Church prospects; now it looks bright. For two months the church has been carrying on a series of Sunday Evening Dime Lectures. Among the lecturers, past or to come, are ROBERT COLLYER, BROOKE HERFORD, Rev. L. P. MERCER, Judge BOOTH, Mr. FORBUSH, Mrs. SUNDERLAND, and Prof. SWING.